

PICTURES OF CHILDHOOD

ONE OF A LITTLE ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Examples of the Popular Window Pictures—Little Girls Posing Together—Devices of the Photographers to Add Charm to Their Youthful Sitters.

There are photographers who set out deliberately to devote themselves to

portraying their juvenile clients because they find their greatest success to lie in this kind of specialization. Then there are photographers who gradually find out that they excel in this branch of their work and consequently practice it without attempting to confine themselves to it exclusively. Miss F. Huntington Higgins has found that her child pictures possess the quality that appeals to many parents as well as to lovers of artistic photography. Her study of the inquisitive baby climbing over toward the pug dogs is quite as



Photo by E. Huntington Higgins.
A YOUNG BELLE.



Photo by E. Huntington Higgins.
"WHAT IS THE WEATHER?"



Photo by E. Huntington Higgins.
A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.



Photo by Charles H. Davis, Davis & Sanford, N. Y.
THE PICTURE BOOK.

characteristic in its way as the more famous "Whose Are You?"

There is the same naive curiosity in the expression of the audacious youngster who is starting on a journey of exploration across the rug.

The popular window pictures are represented here by two examples. Miss Higgins is a very simple user of this popular device, showing the simple pansy revealed by the parting of the coarsely meshed lace curtains.

The boldness of the device in turning the face of the sitter almost completely

away from the spectator adds to the originality of the picture, which is especially strong in its shading. The tones of the picture with the exception of the black stockings that enclose the youngster's stout limbs are altogether neutral, yet the whole effect is very unusual and might readily be the result of some less mechanical process than photography.

The portrait of "A Young Belle" might possibly be considered self-conscious, but the smile that proclaims the young lady's delight in her appearance is wholly pardonable, because her delight is not in

her own beauty, but in the old-fashioned costume which has been arranged for her. She has been getting ready to play, lily with a thoroughness that naturally impresses her, and that is the significance of the well pleased smile.

Mr. Earle's favorite use of the window as a background rarely serves a merely decorative purpose. The actress always gives it some reason, story, and in this picture the wonderful Master Wack is reading from a paper, and that brings him to the light and thus to the window.

Daintiness is the predominating char-

acteristic of "The Picture Book," which is the work of Charles H. Davis of Davis & Sanford. The two young women are charmingly posed and the look of interest on their faces has a quality of convincing naturalness. There is nothing more agreeable, however, in the picture than the refinement of the subjects and their treatment. Yet their lack of artificiality is also a pleasing attribute of the two graceful children which the photograph very plainly reveals.



Photo by E. Huntington Higgins.
THE FRUIT BASKET.



Photo by Earle, N. Y.
MASTER DAMON WACK.

TWO HARD SWIMMING TRICKS

ONE OF THEM TO SINK WHILE FLOATING ON THE BACK.

Only One Man Known Who Was Able to Do This—A Prize of \$500 Offered Once for the Performance. To Float on the Face Takes Long Practice.

It is not uncommon for people who cannot swim to emphasize their inability by declaring that if they were to fall into the water they would sink like a stone. It may astonish some of these timid persons to learn that if they could sink like a stone in a swimming tank they could have won a prize of \$500 a few years ago. As no one could do the trick the prize was withdrawn, but the feat was performed away back in the '70s.

The two hardest tricks known to the professional swimmer are, paradoxical, one being to sink on the back and the other to float on the face. All kinds of fancy strokes, porpoise diving and eating under water are comparatively easy to master with practice, but there is no record of any save one man who could sink when he wanted to.

As to the floating, the natural position for any one in swimming is on the breast, but the moment a man tries to float he instinctively turns on his back, so as to get rid of the great weight of the back, head by placing it in the water. Stop the motions of swimming and the face goes under. There are only a few persons in the world who can float on the face and continue to breathe freely at the same time. It may be that there is no one now living who can sink when he wants to.

The last known person who was able to do this trick of sinking was an attendant at one of the swimming baths on the south coast of England, and it is said that he had practiced it almost daily for three years before he would do it.

The part of the trick selected for the experiment was about five feet deep and contained salt water. The preliminaries were

to turn over on the back and float in a natural and easy position with the hands straight beyond the head, palms uppermost and feet together.

From this position the hands and feet were gradually spread apart until arms and legs formed a sort of cross, the head being thrown very far back, so that the eyes were completely under water, only the mouth and chin being above. In this position several long deep breaths were taken, so as to cleanse the lungs thoroughly.

The body having come to a complete rest, with the toes and fingers at the surface, the breath was gradually and evenly expelled from the lungs until they were entirely empty. The result was that the swimmer sank slowly and quietly beneath the surface and settled down to the bottom of the tank flat on his back in a way that somehow gave the spectator a curious creepy feeling to watch.

Once fairly on the bottom of the tank the swimmer opened his eyes and at a sign from the judges that they were satisfied that he was touching the bottom of the tank he drew his hands in to his sides and by means of a vigorous push brought himself to the surface again.

How he managed to keep the water out of his lungs after the breath was expelled was his secret, and he never told any one the person who is anxious to emulate him will have to discover that part of the trick for himself. It is easy enough to hold the breath under water when the lungs are inflated, and almost all expert divers take a half breath after the cleansing breaths before they go under. It is a mistake to take too full a breath, as it makes it harder to get down. To hold the lungs under when they are entirely empty and not fill them with water is quite another matter, as any one may prove by experiment.

The other trick, floating on the face, is not so difficult as it appears at first sight and there are many persons who are so built that it is easier for them than for others. Fat persons and those who have light bones, or unusual lung capacity, can accomplish it after a little patient practice, say two or three weeks.

For the average swimmer, especially for the athletically built young man, long practice is necessary before one can get the right balance, bringing the head and feet into the required position, and then breathe freely, because the whole thing is a matter of a quarter of an inch, the head water line being between the mouth and the nostrils. The mouth is always well under and the nostrils are only just clear.

In order to get into the required position the swimmer begins with a gentle breast stroke, and after slowing down to almost a dead stop he takes a long full breath and lets his hands touch in front of him with the elbows well bent and the arms separated.

The feet are allowed to hang, but are trooping, with the knees slightly bent. The back must be very much arched and the head must be forced back as far as it will go.

Still holding the full breath as he comes to a dead stop the swimmer will find that he can get about half his nose out of the water, or perhaps he may be able to clear his nostrils, but there seems to be no possibility of getting a fresh breath unless he moves his hands or kicks with his feet, because the moment the breath is expelled preparatory to making a fresh one down he goes, and water is what he takes in instead of air.

With constant practice it will be found that the full breath taken at the start can be maintained until the body is perfectly at rest and that the nose will gradually rise a little higher each time, as one becomes more expert in getting the back arched and the head back. Finally it will be found possible to get a gasp of fresh air and after a time to breathe naturally.

The swimmer should never try to take a fresh breath while he finds his nostrils

go under as he expels the air. If he does he will only discourage himself by swallowing water. If he will persevere, he will discover that if he is not in too great a hurry to expel the old air and does not get rid of all of it at that he can get longer and longer snatches each time. It is a mistake to lurch while practicing by giving a little snort to the head with the hands, as that destroys the very balance that you want to acquire.

Apart from the trouble of getting the breath there is difficulty in floating on the face in keeping the legs behind the body, as they have a constant tendency to come forward and to throw the swimmer more or less on his back. This lifts the head out of water, and makes the float impossible. Another peculiar thing is that the slightest wave motion or unsteadiness in the balance will turn the swimmer gently over on his side.

With constant practice the arms can be so adjusted as to meet this side movement to a great extent, but they must not be moved from the angle at which they are first set, or the float is not a fair one.

As for the legs, they will gradually acquire a curious habit of coming up backward, as if they were going clear to the surface, but the weight of the head will force them down again when they reach a certain point, so that the swimmer will find his legs rising and falling with a long but slow oscillating movement.

After the trick has been thoroughly mastered all these motions will disappear and the swimmer will find himself able to lie perfectly still and to float on his face, breathing freely, for an indefinite time, provided the water is smooth.

Parrot as Burglar Alarm.

From the *Chronicle* (London).

Mrs. J. R. Radcliffe wound up her private burglar alarm last night by giving it two extra pieces of sugar.

"Pretty Polly," said Mrs. Radcliffe, who lives at 811 East Forty-seventh street, went to sleep safe in the thought that no burglars would enter her home that night.

While Mrs. Radcliffe was snoring peacefully she was awakened to hear a sudden noise from an adjoining room.

"Good night, sir," she shrieked, a shrill yell.

Then followed a noise such as is made by some one hastily leaving a room. Mrs. Radcliffe ran to the other room in time to see a man disappearing down the stairs.

Her pet parrot was hopping about its perch, greatly excited. Then Mrs. Radcliffe realized that a man had entered the room and had been frightened by the parrot.

From now on Polly can have as much sugar as there is in the Radcliffe larder.

DRY BY THE PUBLIC WILL.

The Situation in Upper Montclair of Interest to Prohibitionists.

"They've got something over in Upper Montclair, N. J.," said a commuter who sleeps there, which beats all your county opticians, anti-saloon leagues or even total prohibition. And I don't know just what to call it either, but it keeps public and what you might call semi-public drinking out of that community in a way no written law I know of has ever done.

As a matter of fact Upper Montclair couldn't write or pass any liquor law if it wanted to, for it is not a town or city or village or political anything, but is politically a part of the town of Montclair.

That's about the only way it is related to it, though, for as far as its legal association, so to say, with Montclair the upper town is distinct and separate.

Montclair has a few licensed saloons, but Upper Montclair has none. Neither has the upper town any temperance organization or any civic society wholly or in part devoted to keeping the district dry. That's the curious thing about it, the thing the astute folks all over the country should send experts to study.

Upper Montclair has, I suppose, about 3,000 inhabitants and yet, as I've said, without any law favoring total prohibition it is a totally dry town, really dry, and it will be so for a long time. Two or three times in the ten years I've lived there attempts have been made to run big 12 tigers, but they have been closed promptly and the offenders sent to jail.

Noting the promptness and thoroughness of this work I supposed at first that some local organization or at least a committee had it in charge. No. It's just a specimen of the kind of result that can be brought about by a public opinion that means something.

And this is a thoroughgoing thing, this public opinion, there is no intoxicant served even at the Upper Montclair country club with its thirty tennis and golf players. I am told that the question of serving even beer there was never

seriously considered. The country club is prosperous, has recently bought across more land for its links, had no trouble in selling to its members a lot of bonds for a new clubhouse, it has plenty of social side to its activities, yet nobody, so far as I've been able to learn, has even suggested that a modest saloon be set up for the refreshment of the clubbers.

The same remarkable state of affairs is true concerning the big Commonwealth Club of Upper Montclair. It has a lively evening patronage of card, billiard and tennis players. Men go there as they go to other clubs to gossip, look over the magazines, do a little politics on the quiet there, but there has never been a drop of hard stuff or beer served in the club.

Understand that these people, I'm telling you about are the kind who, as a rule, have the makings of a cocktail or a toddy or highball in their own homes and probably their deacons do not gather much dust. The men, the commuters of Upper Montclair, are rather youngish merchants, financial district men and professional lawyers, engineers and the like. Probably more than a majority of them belong to one or more clubs each in Manhattan, and when they patronize those clubs make reasonable use of the push buttons which call for waiters. You see what I mean? They are not teetotalers.

That is what makes it so queer when you first discover the aridity of their town. Somehow or other the notion got early lodgment in the community that the town should remain dry and as the idea suited public opinion that notion can't be dislodged. They keep their own clubs dry because that makes it easier to keep public drinking out of the district.

Whenever an application has been made to the licensing authorities by a man who wanted to break into the arid stretch north of Watching avenue the protestants find their work made easier because they can point to their own clubs as evidence that they practice what they preach no public drinking, no place where youngsters may learn what rushing the groggy morsels in the morning.

Prohibitionists from dry towns where liquor is easily obtained have gone to Upper Montclair in quest of information; they want to know all about the wonderful

organization which without a dry law keeps the town dry. It takes a long time to convince them that there is not even a committee whose task it is to prevent the town becoming even damp.

"They shake their heads hopelessly when they are told how things are managed when anything is to be done. If an application for license is to be headed off or a feeble little blind tiger put out of business the man who has information speaks to a neighbor or two and the job is promptly attended to without fuss, and with few the wiser."

Next the investigator wants to know if in such a state of affairs the poor people do not buy unreasonable quantities of rum and beer for home consumption. That seems to be the sad case in many of the places from which investigators come. But it's not so with us.

To be sure, in the sense the term is commonly used in this connection we have no saloons. Plenty of us feel mighty poor at times, but assuming that wage earners are referred to they are not guilty, as suspected by our visitors. Those who want beer in their homes, common eaters or wage earners, have it delivered by butlers in Montclair, for not even case or bottled goods can be brought from the dealers in Upper Montclair, and there never is a sign that the bottled stuff is used unwisely.

The proposition, as I see it, is that where the dry have public opinion back of them they don't need so much. As a town ordinance to cut out the saloon, where public opinion is contrary you can't cut out the saloon with a back fall of the dried laws ever passed. Maybe I'm wrong, but we've got proof that one end of my proposition is all right."

A Manche Harvest Custom.

From the *London Globe*.

An interesting ancient custom is observed in Manche at the harvest time. When the work is on the point of completion a sheaf of honor is made and decorated with flowers, which the farmer himself carries in procession, surrounded by the harvesters. Two of the party, under the pretext of sweeping the way, raise a cloud of dust. It is in the process the procession moves a shagreened cloth. When this part of the ceremony is reached the girls each choose one of the young harvestmen and endeavor to force him to take a spoonful of the attempt is a success if a spoonful of marriage on the man's part.